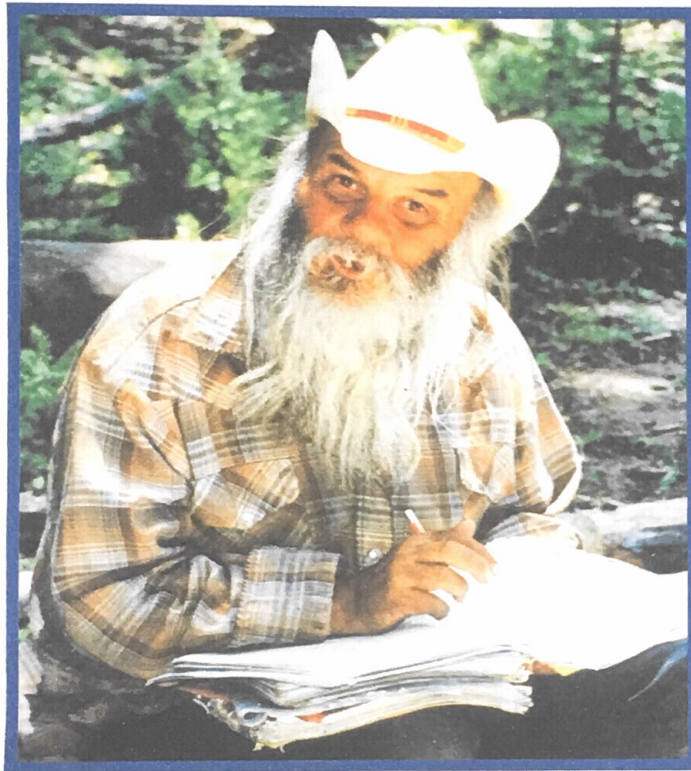




Rainbow Family Life Stories



*by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.*

Scanned in 2018.

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05.B MEDICINE STORY - "BACK TO TRIBAL WAYS"
- interviewed in 1980, West Virginia
Gathering and in 1982 at Another
Place Conference Center, N. H

Medicine Story Back to Tribal Ways

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[Medicine Story gave me some of his life story at the 1980 West Virginia Gathering, but most of the material here comes from two long afternoons in February, 1982, at Another Place Conference Center, which he runs with his wife Emmy and other people from the Mettanoikit Community. I had gone there with Barry and Garrick to take part in a conference on story telling - and in the course of things, we told stories to an audience of children and parents all weekend. Medicine Story spends a great deal of time at the gatherings telling stories to the children in the Kid Village. He has developed story telling to a high art and he encourages other people to develop their story telling skills.

There is a great deal else to tell about Medicine Story - his friendship with Garrick's parents in the Fifties, his work with Indian protest leaders like Daniel McClellan and the Indian newspaper Akwesasne Notes, and much else - but let him continue in his own words. I

MEDICINE
STORY

I was born three months before the big crash - June 17, 1929, in Salem, Massachusetts, 259 Lafayette Street - born at home.

The hospital consciousness was beginning to come in - that to have a baby was to be sick - but my mother insisted on having me at home.

My father was a traveling wool salesman. He's retired. He's 75 years old [in 1982]. He's a Wampanoag Indian. He's not full-blood. There's no such thing as a full-blooded Wampanoag Indian. The last person to speak the Wampanoag language died 100 years ago. Some people still know some words of it.

I didn't have much contact with my Indian relatives except for one crazy aunt and one half sister - and my grandfather. It was my father's father who was the one who was really into giving me knowledge of my people and their history and traditions. But he wasn't into it in terms of present-day Indianness. He didn't

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go to powwows and such. They had a powwow every year. The Wampanoags were whalers before the white man came. They lived around Mashpee, Massachusetts, and Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. My grandfather was telling me Indian stories a lot. That was what survived of Wampanoag culture - ways of fishing, ways of hunting - and the stories.

My mother's family had money. That was one of the reasons my father's family pushed him to marry her. She was the heiress of my great-great-grandmother, Lydia E. Pinkham, who made the vegetable compound patent medicine. The medicine is whatever percent alcohol the Food and Drug Commission will allow - usually 15%. At one time it was much higher. Lydia Pinkham's daughter, my great-grandmother, scared the hell out of me. She lived in a great big castle.

My mother was a flapper, then a "gay divorcee" - from a movie with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. She divorced my father in 1931. For the first six years of my life, my mother had a lot of beaux. A lot of guys wanted to marry her and she didn't want to settle down. There was one she held at arm's length so long that he went off to hunt gold in Alaska and she got panicky and asked him to come back. She asked me how I felt about it, and I said I felt a need for a papa. My stepfather was a very good man. He was a little bit stern, but he was very just and very loving.

I made up plays from the time I was five and got puppets for Christmas. Later on, I got a toy radio sound stage, and I was always imitating radio shows. I would go to camp and write plays and musical shows.

I went to Cornell University. I met Thornton Wilder, who was my ideal as a playwright there. I would have graduated in 1951, but I spent two years' Army service in Salzburg Austria, and so I graduated in 1954. I got married in 1954 after my first

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season in summer stock, to my leading lady. We had no children. I started my own theater group in New York in 1958. A number of the people in my theater group also took part in the Living Theater. I admired the Beckes of the Living Theater very much. I used to take their son Garrick to kindergarten.

In 1958, I met Alan Watts when I was doing a play in the same church where he was doing lectures, and I learned all about Tao and Zen. It set my head going in a whole other direction. I met Wavy Gravy in Greenwich Village when he was Hugh Romney, the Beat poet, reading his poetry in the coffee houses, and so was I.

My theater group lasted until 1967. I separated from my wife that year. I went home to my tribe for the summer, but I didn't find anything that I was really interested in. My sister on Martha's Vineyard turned me on to LSD. I went to San Francisco, Haight-Ashbury, in the Fall of '67 after the Summer of Love. I worked in the Straight Theater. I acted in a production called Blossom by my old friend, Michael McClure, who had been in the theater in New York City with Diane di Prima and Le Roi Jones.

There was a woman who went to Haight-Ashbury with me who said she wanted to have a baby by me, but she didn't want me to hang around and do a father trip. She said that she just liked my genes. I heard later that she was pregnant.

I remember the first time I walked down Haight Street and somebody from the Communications Company was passing out leaflets printed on recycled paper that said, "We've had enough of leaders. If anybody wants to lead you, ask yourself why."

One of the first things I did in San Francisco, I founded a free school along with a lot of others. I worked for a hippie ad agency with one of the biggest psychedelic dealers on the West Coast. He promoted the play I was in, and that's how I got involved in the agency.

I left Haight Ashbury in 1969. I went back to Martha's Vineyard

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that summer and I was at Woodstock. I was standing near a bunch of people and someone said there was 400,000 people in there. Another person said, "That means we're in total control of this place. The cops wouldn't dare come in. For the first time in our lives, we're really free."

Eventually I went back to Los Angeles. I registered as a Universal Life Church minister with the county at Long Beach and had a charter for a church, the Ananda Chapel. It had a little gold and white flag. I set up a Poor People's Growth Center there. I had been involved with the Esalen Institute, and I wanted to give poor people the opportunity to enjoy what rich people got for \$100 a week at Esalen. I was pissed off that Esalen was just a sport for the rich. The Poor People's Growth Center ran good for a couple of years.

I helped start the Free University of Los Angeles in West Hollywood. I taught three classes - Yoga, Drama and Group Encounter. They were interchangeable. I used yoga techniques in my drama class. People started coming to all three classes. I taught a class in Mysticism through the Ages in Santa Monica. I was at the Free University from New Years' 1970 to August. It was a long drive for me to go there every night to my classes, so eventually I pulled away. I moved to Venice where I had the Poor People's Growth Center. Then I moved to San Francisco again. The reason for all these moves was a certain lady I was in love with. We were doing this crazy dance together.

I decided to do an ashram in San Francisco. I moved into a house on Ashbury Street where a friend of mine had lived for many years and I rented a big duplex. I put out notices in the health food stores for vegetarian, non-smoking meditators, because I figured that was the only way I was going to have a sane place to live in Haight-Ashbury.

I didn't do encounter group stuff. I did more esoteric stuff with seances and Tarot and yoga. There was an outfit there called Kali Flower. They did free printing for people who distributed

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literature for free. They put out an inter-communal newsletter. We set up a Free University. We spent a whole day trying to figure out what to call it. Nobody wanted to call it a university, a university, or a school, so we called it Haight-Ashbury Learning from Each Other. We had a party and everybody and everybody put up on the walls what they wanted to teach.

I was doing all kinds of weird things. I had lived in a slum building full of elderly Indian alcoholics at a low point in my life. I kept fixing up apartments in that building and subletting them. The landlord liked that. That was a way I found to make a living.

In the spring of '72 I moved to the mountains south of San Francisco. I pitched a huge tent in the middle of a redwood grove in a commune. Then I went to LA and got together with 14 people from the Poor People's Growth Center and we went to the Rainbow Gathering in Colorado in a van. Seeing Garrick's name on the invitation was an extra incentive to go. The gathering was an earth-shaking, life-changing experience. It was the first place I had seen Western Indian people who weren't street bums or bikers. I met some Indians at the gathering who knew traditional ways like sweat lodges that I didn't know anything about. The sweat at the gathering wasn't an Indian sweat. It was a ten foot square building six feet tall and clay plastered. People stood up in it. It got real muddy in it and people packed themselves with mud and ran out in the lake. The Indians told me that wasn't the way it was done.

I met Garrick at the gathering at a council. He made a beautiful speech and I said, "Look how little Garry's grown up." Then I made a speech. Garrick came around and embraced me and said, "That was a beautiful speech. I know you, but I can't think of where."

I said, "You used to hold my hand and I used to take you to kindergarten." I met Barry and I met Dr. Rusty Nichols, one of the main MD's at the gathering. He got very interested in Indian medicine and we would meet and council with each other over the year. He set up

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the Tribal Healing Council with Daphne Singing Tree. On the Fourth of July on top of Table Mountain, I met Ken Keyes, a polio victim who had been hauled up to the top of the mountain stark naked in his little wheel chair. He was up there beaming at the world.

Overall, that gathering was important to me for confirming the intimations of Woodstock, that people are OK if you just leave them alone. Basically the difficulty that the world has with power and greed and exploitation is because these things are substitutes for what people really want, which is love and having a good time. At that gathering the night of July Fourth, I started doing what I have done at all the gatherings since then, and that is going from one camp fire to another and telling stories.

After the gathering, I went back to my tent in the mountains, but they wouldn't let me stay there, because I had abandoned the community for the gathering. I couldn't move back to San Francisco. After the gathering I couldn't stand the city. First I moved to an 800 acre place near Los Altos called The Land and then to another place called Black Mountain.

I wanted to rescue the lady I had been in love with from the city. I moved in a blue dome at Black Mountain with my lady friend and her two kids. It was one of the high points in my life. There were ten different buildings at Black Mountain - 14 of us lived there. I built a cabin. I was the only one on the place with a toilet. I had a 12-volt electric system with a stereo and a nine-inch TV. I had the fanciest place there. I got to know Wavy Gravy well there. I went back there this last year, 1981. There wasn't a stick left. All the buildings had been bulldozed down it had all gone back to nature. It was eerie. All those memories.

I went back to the Rainbow Gathering in '73 in Wyoming and struck up a lifetime friendship with Steve Beltz. That's where I first read my Prayer to Humankind which I had written after the

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first gathering. Matter of fact, it was called a Prayer to Mankind, but as I started to read it, Barry said, "Brother, let me tell you something..." and raised my consciousness about it. It has been a Prayer to Humankind ever since.

I met a lot of other wonderful crazy people like Tisa Jewel and the irrepressible Dominic. About 30 of us hung out after the gathering and Barry and Sonny laid \$500 on us and we bought a school bus at the ghost town of Atlantic City, Wyoming. After the gathering, we went to the Arapaho Sun Dance. We didn't have the bus together yet, but a bunch of us went. The people who were doing security at the Sun Dance said, "If it was up to us, you wouldn't be here, but the elders told us to admit you."

Sarra was watching the Sun Dance at one point, and a security man told her to get out of the way so some Indian people could see. She moved and she started trying to talk to him with her big eyes and her loving ways, and she reached out to touch him and he backed off and said, "Don't touch me. I don't let white people touch me. What are you people doing here?"

She tried to talk to him and asked, "Do you want me to go back to the dirty city?" and he said, "Yes." He went off, but he came back and Sarra gave him the Rainbow rap, and he said, "Why do you call yourselves Rainbow?" and she said, "Because we have all races," and he said, "I wondered because my name is Flaming Rainbow."

He went on that he was half Arapaho and half Oglala, the great-grandson of Red Cloud. He said his medicine teachers had been the dragonflies. He told Sarra he wanted to meet the rest of the Family.

After the Sun Dance there was a powwow and the AIMCA American Indian Movement people, who had gotten to know us by then, invited us to their tipi and we sat and rapped with them. The kids found out I was a storyteller and wouldn't let me loose and took me to meet

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their families and I met their grandparents. These old people taught me stories and told me the right way to do a sweat lodge. I learned a lot about the old ways and what had happened to them on the reservation.

We met a black man from Liberia who was there to become a minister to have enough clout to be able to go back to his own people and work against Western Capitalism and get them to go back to their tribal ways. We had a good discussion about tribalism. He didn't know that anybody in the US felt about tribalism like the Rainbow Family or the traditional Indians did.

The first Rainbow Gathering was such a heavy hit, so powerful on an emotional and spiritual level, that I couldn't figure out what it was all about. All I knew was that I had to come back again. And this time it fell into place from meeting the traditional Indians and the African that we had to build a society that elements of the old tribal ways.

We got together with Patterson of Christ Brotherhood who wanted to do a soup kitchen and a coffee house in Lander, Wyoming. He got on a radio program with a Fundamentalist minister who was outraged at him, also with Andy Colona and me. First, the minister spoke and denounced our long hair and our morals and the whole thing, right down the line. Patterson came on next - very quietly - with about ten minutes of killing invective. He brought in passages of the Bible, claimed the minister supported the Vietnamese war and yet questioned our morals. The minister minister had a silver dollar sign as a tie clasp. Patterson asked him, "Why do you have that instead of a crucifix?" Andy gave a beautiful ecology rap. Then I talked about an ecumenical coming together of all races and religions. It was one of the most enjoyable programs I have been on.

A lady named Gypsy and I painted up the Rainbow Rider bus at Atlantic City. I had my birthday July 17 at a bar there and painted my name on the bus. In the town of Lander when we

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were fixing up the bus, I painted the sign at the Home Cafe that shows settlers shaking hands with Indians. I painted my name on it, Rainbow Story - it wasn't Medicine Story then.

On the bus were Andy, me, Gypsy, Lynn Eiser, Tisa, Dominic and a fellow named Allen who hung around for the first part of the trip and then took off. We went to Black Mountain, the commune where I lived in California.

I put my sink and stove on the bus and we made a kitchen. We went to the Land commune where I had stayed. They had tools and we used them to put bunks on the bus. We picked up Panama Red and another person there and started back up the coast to Tisa's place in Trinidad, California.

On the way, we picked up a Makah Indian boy and a Cherokee Indian girl, 16 and 14 years old, who were runaways. They had been ripping people off around the country and they were going to rip us off, but by the time we got to Tisa's place, they had decided that we were such nice people they weren't going to rip us off. We went to Grant's Pass, Oregon, and these runaways ripped off a trailer park and got arrested. We got them out and had them turned over to our custody and returned the stuff and the Chief of Police told them we were a good family and they had better stay with us.

In Grant's Pass we met up with Don Moser and the Uncle Ben bus. He had left the gathering with 56 people in Uncle Ben. After counselling all night, we left. We left Jerry Steinberg, one of our people, asleep there and he had to hitch to Eugene to catch up with us. In Eugene we met up with Flaming Rainbow and Aropsho Bob, who had come up from the reservation to join us.

We went to Toppenish, Washington, and picked apples. On the way to Toppenish, Jamie got on. He was our mechanic. In Toppenish he beat up a guy who stole our tools. We came back down to Eugene and picked up Phil Coyote and the young woman he was traveling with and a bunch of teenagers. We also picked up Sarra there - also Dwight who had followed Gypsy all the way from the gathering.

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Dwight had been raised in an orphanage in Detroit that was mostly black, so he had a lot of good social consciousness, but he had a lot of suppressed anger that he took out on Gypsy. Gypsy and I went out in the street to make money for gas.

You don't need to get into all the details of the interpersonal relations, but it was like we really were all a family of brothers and sisters living together. It's the most intense relationship I have ever experienced. In Eugene someone turned us on to a pickup and a tipi.

In the Willamette Valley we stayed with the Summer Bourgers, who lived in a huge three-story dome. They let us use their tools to fix our bus and in return, some of us helped them build a 55-foot ferro-cement boat. They were trying to sail to Tahiti. Dominic and me stayed behind in the tipi with the teenagers. I was playing papa with a whole gang of them for a while. Then we rejoined the others and helped them build a pole barn. They had a wonderful sauna and we had great parties.

Then we took the bus down the coast. A ten-year-old boy named Bobby in Arcata, California asked his mother, a lady I spent some time with, "Can I go with Story?" and she said, "Yes." He came with us to Trinidad to Tisa's place. We went through a couple of engines there. I spent a lot of time repairing the engine.

We went down south then to Harbin Hot Springs where a community was beginning to start. About this time, I was invited to lead sweats at a healing gathering there and I went back to Wyoming to check with the Indian people there to see if that was all right. They said I should decide for myself. I said the people at Harbin were going to be doing sweats anyway, so they might as well have someone there who knew how to do them.

That's what I decided after taking a sweat myself. I fasted four days and four nights before I went. In that condition, I led my first sweats. There were so many people

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that I led sweats for six or seven hours. There was a peyote meeting in a tipi there and you're not supposed to go after sundown. I said it was going to be rip and tuck at making it there from the sweats. They said they would leave a place in the tipi for me. When I left the sweats, it was already dark. I got lost in the woods, trying to find the tipi. I had a very powerful vision. I won't tell all of it, but the interpretation of it was that the Indian way, the path of the old people on the continent, had in it the way to save the earth, and my path was to adapt this way for all people. So I stumbled out of the woods and found my way into the tipi and told my vision and a lot of other stories all night long, and I said I should have a new name and they said because of the stories I told, I should be called something like "he who tells stories of the Spirit." That is Manitongquat in the Wampanoag language and I translated that as Medicine Story.

In San Francisco I got involved with some of the people who were putting together Harbin Springs. They had a house on Dwight Avenue. I decided I'd had enough of the bus trip—it was too intense to go on. So I fixed up this little van I called the Medicine wheel. I hooked up with the people who were later called the All One Family. I did healing gatherings with them in San Diego. They had a newsletter that later developed into Well-Being magazine. So we did a lot of gatherings.

In the spring of '74, a runner came down hitchhiking from Garrick in Oregon to San Francisco. He said, "We're taking over a park in Spokane and we need you to help." They were having the World's Fair there that summer and Garrick suggested to them that they were going to be overrun by hippies and asked them to set aside a park for these people. They were going to have the YMCA do it, but he got them to let us be the liaison between the YMCA and the hippies because we knew how to handle crowds like that.

So Dominic and I went up in my van and picked up Lelka Fawn and Toufan and Reggie and Ralhi and I forget who else. We got there in May and the first wave was already there. It was very heavy. There was a lot of crazy, drunk energy that we had to mellow out all the time. We planted a garden and we had kitchens and we created an Alternative World's Fair. We had solar showers. The World's Fair didn't have any other solar devices - which is ironic, because the World's Fair was supposed to be dedicated to the environment that year. Don Moser took that shower away with him on his bus.

In June I went to a World Peace Gathering in Boulder and met Lame Deer and Thomas Banyacya and Chief Boeman Logan and Janet McCloud. She invited me to come to a spiritual gathering she was sponsoring in Washington state. I went to the gathering and did the sweat lodges there. I met Tommy Porter from the Mohawks who told me about the Ganienkeh community which had just started. With Semu and Chief Logan and Tommy Porter, I officially conducted an intertribal traditional double wedding ceremony for two of Janet's daughters. We put all of our traditions together.

In the middle of the summer we went and did the Rainbow Gathering in Utah. At the gathering, there was a report about hepatitis. They wanted to break up the gathering. I worked out a deal where we would promise to stay out of the reservoir and they would bring up the water for us and spray us. We had a caravan cherry picking through Utah.

I visited Lame Deer and Janet McCloud again. I visited the Love Family for the first time and invited them to Spokane. That's where they started getting back into the Rainbow again. They had not been in since the Colorado Gathering, but I convinced them it was a good idea. Henry the Fiddler caught up with us Spokane and we had a council there with Barry and decided to set

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up this Society of the Warriors of the Rainbow for people who wanted to dedicate themselves to the ideals of peace and harmony and healing the earth. At the end of the summer, the Kutenai Indian people in Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, declared war on the United States. There were about 70 of them and they were pissed. All their land had been taken away from them. They were stopping cars and giving out literature. Eventually the government gave them a few acres.

I went up to see them and helped put on an Indian Art Fair. I started painting again. I hadn't done that since I was a kid. I did that fair with a lady artist from Scottsdale, Arizona, named Rainbow, who had gotten that name from Jimi Hendrix, who had been her lover. Technically she was one of the best artists I have ever run into. I went down to Scottsdale to the National Indian Art Show.

In Southern Cal doing healing gatherings, we decided to go to Arizona to do a healing gathering in February, 1975, in Maricopa in the desert. From that I helped Stephen Gold of One World Family set up Healing Waters at Eden Hot Springs. A brother at Maricopa gave me a pipe that had been given from one lover to another in hopes that my love life would be fruitful.

After that I went to Phoenix to a Hindu mystical thing. The only persons there not in white were me - in black - and a woman in a long skirt with long black hair with a white streak and the biggest eyes I have ever seen. She was Emmy - Italian-American from Brooklyn. So we got together, and I went on to an All One Healing Festival in Round Rock, Texas, and she wrote me two of the heaviest letters I have ever had in my life.

I made a beeline back to Phoenix and we went to Hopi Land together and visited with Grandfather David and Thomas Banyacya. We were on our way back when I heard a spirit calling me from somewhere on Second Mesa. So we stopped and went to investigate. We found the spirit voice was coming from a place called Corn Rock. Corn Rock was a huge monolith like a great rectangular building standing on a ledge above a sheer cliff in the full moon. It started speaking how the people there lived in harmony for hundreds of years. Then some of them started accepting new

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ways and it broke up the balance and the harmony was destroyed. The voice said we were supposed to devote our lives to restoring the balance. I was hearing the voice coming from the rock. I don't know if Emmy heard it. Then we started to walk away from it and Emmy said, "It feels like we're married," and I noticed that it wasn't one rock—it was two rocks tight together. So I took a razor and cut us and shared our blood and that was it.

We traveled in Emmy's car to all sorts of healing gatherings and the Rainbow Gathering in Arkansas where we met Jobey Bateman. We went up to Washington and visited with Janet McCloud. We went down to Eugene and visited Garrick's farm and then down to San Diego, where we found we were pregnant. I learned from Emmy, who was doing her own divorce without a lawyer, and she showed me how, and I got mine from my wife.

We decided to go back east because Akwesasne Notes in New York state said they wanted to start an Indian theater company. I wrote them I wanted to go back east to where my tribe was and do something for the Indian movement. I went back and visited with my tribe again. I wrote an article for Akwesasne Notes about what was going on with my people, so they asked me to come be a staff writer for them and poetry editor and I also did occasional political cartoons.

Emmy and I wanted to have a home birth and there weren't any doctors in upstate New York where Akwesasne is who would do a home birth, so we went to Gaskin's Farm in Tennessee and our son Tokeen was born there. The name in Wampanoag means "I awake, I live." It was a beautiful birth. The state of Tennessee would not put my name on my son's birth certificate, so we got papers from Arizona.

I learned all about how the Farm works and I was really impressed. We stayed with a Muskogee Indian there named Mark Madrid who had been with Gaskin since San Francisco.

He and his wife moved out and let us have our baby in his bedroom. I loved the Farm and the people. I thought this was what the Rainbow was moving toward. I talked with Stephen Gaskin and we agreed that he had created a tribe. What I liked was that they were hard-working and self-sufficient, that they did impeccable work—nothing shoddy. What they did, they did well. They believed if when you did something, you weren't happy doing it, you might as well do something else. What I liked the most was that they had not just dropped out—they were in the world. They went to all the farmers around them and helped out. They had their Plenty program that tried to reach poor people in Guatemala. They go to all the Indian gatherings like the Longest Walk and bring their ambulance. They serve people.

From there I went to the UN Habitat meeting at Vancouver B.C. to meet Thomas Banyacya and the Hopi March there. On the way, I stopped at the VA hospital in Hot Springs, South Dakota and visited with my old friend Lame Deer, who was dying. He gave me some very important teachings. There was a lot about where he was going and what was gonna happen, which I still treasure. From Habitat we had a Rainbow Caravan across B.C., visiting with Adolph Hungry Wolf and we invited him to the gathering.

I went down to the Montana Gathering. Everybody asked where Emmy and the baby was and I said we couldn't bring them from the Farm. I went to the Centennial of the Battle of Little Big Horn at the Crow Reservation in Montana. Then we had a big feast of buffalo on the Northern Cheyenne Reservation at Austin Two Moon's place. I met Russell Means there. I met Ramona Peters, a woman from my tribe, there and we talked about my article. It made me want to get back to my tribe. It showed me my people had an interest in the traditional ways.

I went back to the Rainbow Gathering and found people had taken up a collection to fly out Emmy and the baby from Tennessee, so they came to the gathering. Then I went to Browning, Montana, and talked to Earl Old Person and Curly Bear Wagner of the Blackfeet.

I invited them to the gathering and Curly Bear came later and talked to our council. We went up to the Canadian border on the Fourth of July and held hands in a big circle around the border and O Med - completely blowing the minds of the tourists. Adolph Hungry Wolf and his family came back with us to the gathering from the border.

After the gathering, Emmy and I toured the West and visited all our old friends again. Then we went back to Akwesasne Notes. I went back to my tribe and organized the first Spiritual Unity conference that Fall. I brought Seneca Chief Beeman Logan for that to our people. We started to work on reorganization of the traditional leadership of the Wampanoag. Some families had carried a chieftainship in them. These things had never been lost. But some things were brand new.

In Spring '77, we did a tour with White Roots of Peace. We had 11 Guatemalan Indians, 17 Mexican Indians and 12 Indians from various nations north of the border, including Phillip Deer, Muskogee medicine man and spiritual adviser to AIM. That trip lasted two months and covered 17,000 miles, going to universities and Indian reservations and centers. When we came back, the editorship of Akwesasne Notes changed to Voices from the Earth, and I took several trips with them. I worked on another Unity Conference with my tribe at home.

In 1977, I had gotten an invitation from a Quaker school in Iowa to teach there when White Roots of Peace had gone through there. I taught there for a couple of months. It was a prep school with its own farm. It was a beautiful experience. Emmy and I took all the kids who were in trouble academically or otherwise and created our own group out of them. We had a daily group where they could express their feelings and counselled them and the kids began to feel better with their lives and their work. I helped the kids create their own play based upon

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their own feelings and ideas. In that way they presented their own lives to the rest of the school. It was a tremendous statement. They gave me a beautiful plaque at the end of the play that said, "Where do you come from that you know us so well?" It was one of the most touching moments I have had. We had been to a healing gathering at Another Place in New Hampshire, so we decided that that was the most powerful center of energy in New England, so we decided to come here. We wanted to create another community like the Farm. So we lived in a wickiup in the woods next to Another Place. We had a lot of talks about community, most of it directed towards creating a community here at Another Place. But the ideas of the community that was developing wasn't compatible with the people who were in charge of Another Place Conference Center.

So Billy and Katie and Emmy and I decided to hold our own conference to create a community here. So we put out posters that said, "Have You Lost Your Tribe? Do you want a Loving, Joyous Community?" We had 50 people come to that conference and the first thing they saw when they got to the Great Hall was a banner that said IN US WE TRUST. The first thing we did was have a prayer and the second thing I gave a talk about trust and how the most essential thing about community, whether a marriage, a family or a larger community - or any relationship - is trust. I said what we all have to assume is that the Creator didn't make any mistakes and we're all good people and we have to trust that goodness in other people and in us.

Then Armand led us into an exercise in which we all went into our own personal visions and shared them with each other - and at that point, 50 people fell in love with each other. I said I had a dream that we all already lived at a community called Mettanoket, which in Wampanoag means "The Heart of Our Mother the Earth." When that weekend was over, we had a solid network of people who wanted to live together, but no place to do it. So seven of us rented a place in Sharon, New Hampshire, and another half-dozen of us rented a place in New Ipswich. We went to the Rainbow Gathering in Oregon.

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I got my old friend Ram Das to come to the gathering. He said, "I've been scared to come for years, but I figure you guys must have it together by now." So he hung out with Wavy Gravy and they did the Granola trip. That was the first time I had seen Wavy Gravy since Black Mountain days in '72. One of the kids I had taught in Iowa went to the Oregon Gathering and had all his stuff ripped off.

After the Oregon Gathering, I visited a new friend, Edison Chiloquin, a hereditary leader of the Klamath people in Chiloquin, Oregon, who had refused \$100,000 from the government to sell out his birthright as a Klamath Indian when they terminated the tribe. He has a camp where his grandfather's traditional camp was, and he's got a permit from the national forest to be there. Then I went down to Davis, California, and had a sweat with Dennis Banks, who was preparing for the first Sun Dance ever done in California. He was totally devoted to the Sun Dance religion.

I came back east and saw all our friends and did the third Wampanoag Unity Conference and just went through the business of living in community. I was made medicine man for my area around New Bedford, Massachusetts, by consent of the Wampanoag chiefs and people.

In Spring, 1979, I went to the World Symposium on Humanity in Toronto. They had a Native American gathering to support the Indian presence there. They had a gathering of elders in Bolton, Ontario, which I went to, including Buffalo Chill Lightning and Wallace Black Elk. I also saw other old friends - Thomas Banyacya, Beeman Logan and Mad Bear.

After that, Emmy and I went down to Washington DC to ACTS 79, Appropriate Community Technology Fair. There were government agencies and corporations there, and way down at the end of the line, we put up a couple of Rainbow tipis and showed slides of the gathering. Several of us - Barry and Garrick and Rainbow Hawk - went to the Department of the Interior and came to some sort of

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tentative oral agreement about trading our services at land reclamation in return for BLM [Bureau of Land Management] land for the Peace Village, and we also helped with the Eastern Regional Rainbow Gathering in Virginia. Then we went to the Arizona Gathering.

Emmy was the treasurer for the gathering that year, and we spent most of the time in the Operations Tipi sorting out the problems of the gathering. During that gathering, I went to the International Indian Treaty Council at Big Mountain in Arizona. I met a lot of old friends there and a lot of new friends from the anti-nuclear demonstrations at Mount Taylor. I went with the Dine' Navajo-traditional, Herb Blotchford, to Albuquerque to give a talk for the anti-nuclear movement, and in Albuquerque we stayed with Mark Rudd.

When the Arizona Gathering was over, so many people had split, a few of us had to clean up mountains of schmutz. A lot of people were sick. Emmy was already a midwife.

When Emmy and I got back to New Hampshire, we set up a house at Dublin, New Hampshire, which became a center for the anti-nuclear movement in the area. Our son Tashin was born in Dublin February, 1980, in the only snowstorm that whole winter. Tashin means Wind Spirit in Wampanoag.

The next Rainbow Gathering was at West Virginia. I took a small group of Mettawoket Community down early with my son Tokeen to locate a spot for Kid Village, because other years the spot for Kid Village had been kind of sloppy. The rest of the community came down about a week later and set up Mettawoket Village, and we had nightly councils on community.

Then we went to the Black Hills Survival Gathering. I found myself in a very difficult space, being as I was part of and friends with the traditional Indian camp. I supported the American Indian Movement. I had many friends in the environmental movement - Greenpeace and all that, and of course among the Rainbow people. I found there was a lot of ignorance among the Rainbow people as to what Indian life and

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ways are like. I had to explain and advise them about their behavior constantly. I had a lot of councils with my old friend Wallace Black Elk - gave him some assistance.

Janet McCloud said she was going home early and asked me to take over a workshop she was having called "Mother Earth and Her Children." She talked to me about it - her idea that the women of the earth have to get powerful and create peace and save the children and save the earth, because the women are the ones who have the children and know about this, and it is the responsibility of the men to support them in this. As usual, I was totally inspired by her, and I did the workshop for several hundred people and gave maybe the most inspiring talk I have ever given on the subject of the men supporting the women. I felt a lot of pressure from the conflicts in the Survival Gathering, which were generally reflective of the conflicts in our world. But it was good that so many different kinds of us got together for the first time.

We started two more Mettanoquet Community houses in Wendell and Orange, Massachusetts, and we continued our policy of having monthly Mettanoquet meetings, generally at the Wendell House. It was at this time that Another Place Conference Center went out of business and Paul Freundlich, editor of Communities magazine, got together enough money to buy it up. He got together enough people, including members of our community, to buy shares in the place and asked us whether we wanted to rent rooms in it, or whatever. So we got together our proposal of various things to do, from nothing to everything. We decided to go for everything. Emmy and I already had a lot of experience at Another Place. The last of May, 1981, we did our first Total Conference - a medicine wheel. We put together an Eastern Regional Rainbow Gathering at Renaissance community in Gill, Massachusetts. We bought a big school bus and my son Tokeen and I went out to

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the International Indian Treaty Council at the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota, where we saw our old friend Stere Gaskin. Then we went on to the Washington Rainbow Gathering. Again we prepared another Mettanoket Village and Kid Village - had a great time. Twenty Mettanokets came out in a school bus and we all went back in the school bus.

Then I flew back to Washington to do Black Elk Speaks as a storytelling for Sun Bear's Medicine wheel at Snoqualmie, Washington. I went to San Francisco to do Black Elk for the People's Theater Coalition.

I came back and we've been doing ever since here. The things I'm the most interested in here at Another Place are the Birthing Conference, the Home Schooling Conference and the Story-Telling Conference. I conceive of story telling as one of the most important ways to change the world.

[Medicine Story and Emmy both still live and work at Another Place conference center, but they have broken up and Medicine Story is living with a woman from Sweden.]